WYATT EARP™: DODGE CITY

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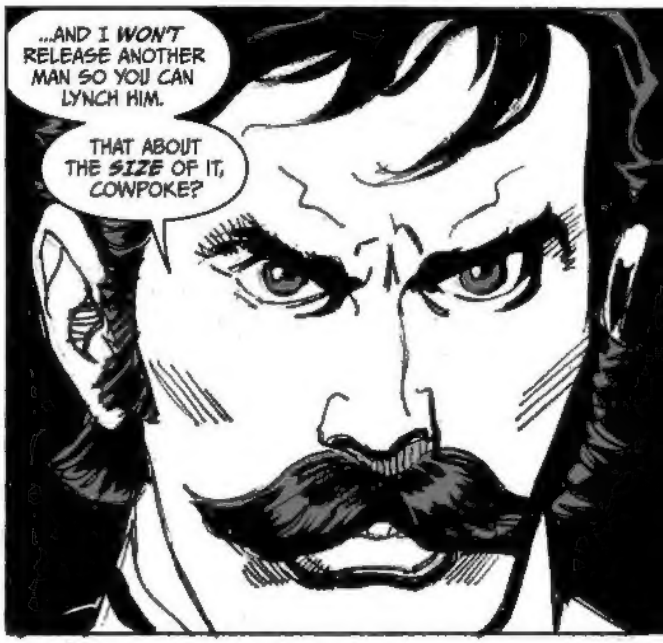
I'M NOT GONNA TOLERATE ANY VIGILANTE COMMITTEES.
YOU FOLKS GO BACK TO WHAT YOU WERE ABOUT AND LET THE LAW HANDLE THIS.
WHAT KIND OF LAW, EARP? YOU AND THE MASTERSONS?
I DON'T SEE NO JUDGE.
HE'S ON HIS WAY. WE'RE ALL GOING TO WAIT ON HIM.
AND THAT'S ALL THE JUSTICE I'M OFFERIN' TODAY.
DEPUTY
US
MARSHALL

YOU'RE HOLDIN' NICK HARDESTY WITH NO PROOF HE SET THAT FIRE!
AND PROTECTIN' THAT HOLIDAY BASTARD!

JUST SO I HAVE THIS RIGHT IN MY MIND--
YOU'RE RAISIN' HELL 'CAUSE I HAVE ONE MAN IN CUSTODY FOR FAIR TRIAL...


...AND I WON'T RELEASE ANOTHER MAN SO YOU CAN LYNCH HIM.
THAT ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT, COWPOKE?

I NEVER ANTICIPATED THAT WYATT HAD SUCH SKILLS AT DEBATE.
WE LIVE AND LEARN, DON'T WE?

WELL, YOU GONNA STAND THERE ADMIRING ME OR YOU GONNA GET THIS ROLLIN'?
WELL, I--
JUST LIKE I THOUGHT.

BACK TO THE SALOON OR BACK TO YOUR BEDS, EVERYONE.
SON OF--
HUNH!
BACKSHOOTIN' A MAN--
THAT YOUR KIND OF JUSTICE THEN, 'POKE?
KRAK

MARSHALL EARP!

THE TOWN FATHERS AND I SHALL INTERVENE IN THIS IMBROGLIO.

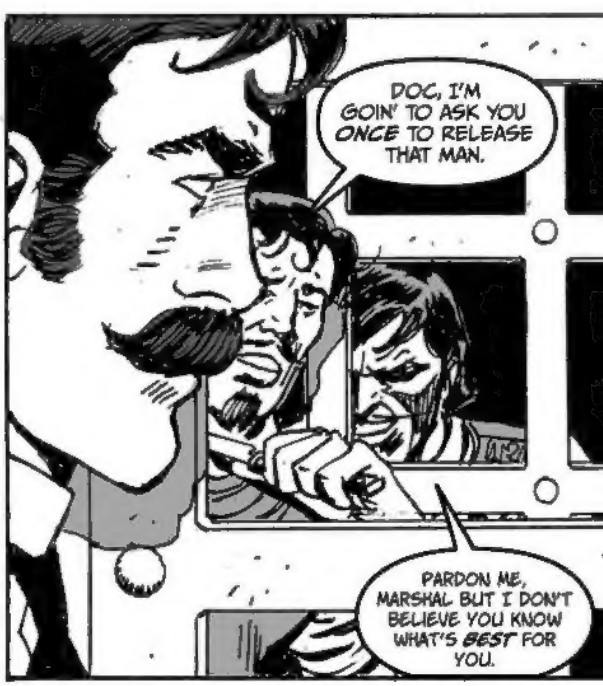
TOWN FATHERS, EH?
I HAVE A WRIT HERE FROM THE GOVERNOR IN TOPEKA. YOU ARE TO RELEASE THE MAN YOU HAVE JAILED. THIS NICHOLAS HARDESTY.
SALOON

THE CAPITOL WAS A LONG WAY TO GO 'ROUND MY BACK, HOOVER.
YOU WILL RELEASE HIM THIS INSTANT. THE JUDGE HAS NOT ARRIVED AND THERE'S BEEN NO WORD.
YOU CANNOT HOLD HARDESTY ANOTHER DAY.

YOU TOLD ME I'D HAVE FREE REIN, MAYOR.
I CAN'T KEEP PEACE IN DODGE WITH MY HANDS TIED.
MARSHAL
DODGE CITY

YOU'LL HAVE YOUR COWBOY BACK, YOUR HONOR.
AND YOU CAN START NOW LOOKIN' FOR A NEW MARSHAL.

THIS A BLUFF, WYATT?
YOU EVER KNOWN ME TO BLUFF AWAY FROM A CARD TABLE?
CAN'T SAY I HAVE.


DOC, I'M GOIN' TO ASK YOU ONCE TO RELEASE THAT MAN.
PARDON ME, MARSHAL BUT I DON'T BELIEVE YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU.

OF COURSE, I AM NOT ONE TO PROFESS EXPERTISE ON THE SUBJECT OF KNOWING WHAT IS BEST FOR ONE'S SELF.
PERHAPS WE'LL RE-ENACT THIS MOMENT SOMEDAY SOON, SIR?

HE IS AT YOUR— DISPOSAL, MARSHAL EARP.

INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF THE CITIZENDRY FOR YOU, HARDESTY.

HE'S YOURS.
DODGE IS YOURS.

WHAT NEXT, WYATT?
I'M GETTING DRUNK. I GOT NO PLANS BEYOND THAT.
I THINK MY BROTHER MEANS FOR US?

YOU'RE FREE MEN. DO AS YOU PLEASE.
BUT IF YOU WERE GOIN' TO RESIGN-- I ONLY ASK THAT YOU STAY ON LONG ENOUGH TO RELEASE DOC.
LATER ON. WHEN IT'S QUIET.

YOU CAN COUNT ON US.
CAN'T GUARANTEE THAT MADMAN'S SAFETY AFTER THAT.
I KNOW, JIM.

I'M GOIN' TO HAVE TO PONDER THAT ONE WHEN I SOBER UP. JUST STAY IN DODGE TILL THEN, BOYS.

WYATT, I WISH A WORD WITH YOU.
I'M NOT ON YOUR PAYROLL ANY MORE, HOOVER.
I DON'T WANT THERE TO BE ANY HARD FEELINGS.

YOU'RE IN MY ROAD, MAYOR.
WE'D BOTH BE GREATFUL IF YOU'D STEP ASIDE.

THERE GOES ONE HARD-HEADED SON OF A BITCH.

AHH!
SLAP!
IDIOT!

YOU'VE CAUSED ME NO END OF TROUBLE, HARDESTY.
THAT MARSHAL WAS PRESSIN' ME, MISTER CRILLING.
AND YOU BURNT DOWN A HOTEL AND EMBARASSED ME TO GET BACK AT HIM?!!

AS MUCH AS I DESPISE YOUR COMPANY YOU WILL STAY WHERE I CAN SEE YOU!
I STILL EARN MY PAY?
HALF PAY. YOU'LL STAY HERE AT THE TRAIN.

BE OF GOOD CHEER, GENTLEMEN.
YOUR VAUNTED HERO OF THE PLAINS HAS FOUND REFUGE IN THE BOTTLE.

LONG BRANCH
FROM THE TOP SHELF, DANNY.
WYATT SAID THE LAST BOTTLE TASTED LIKE COAL OIL.

FAST AS HE'S DRINKIN' 'EM I'M SURPRISED HE'S NOTICED, MISS ALLIE.

HE'S DRUNK NOT DEAD, DANNY.
WET AS HE IS- HE STILL WANTS THE BEST.
HOW LONG YOU BIDIN' WITH HIM, ALLIE?

FOR AS LONG AS HE CAN AFFORD THE BEST.

WYATT?

SET 'ER DOWN, ALLIE.
I'M AWFUL DRY.
YOU WANT ANYTHING TO EAT, DARLING?

WHAT DAY IS IT?
TUESDAY, I THINK.

HMMM--
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, WYATT?
HAVEN'T A NOTION, GIRL.

I'LL SEE WHERE I AM WHEN THIS BOTTLE IS EMPTY.
SEE HOW THE DUST SETTLES ON THE TRAIL.

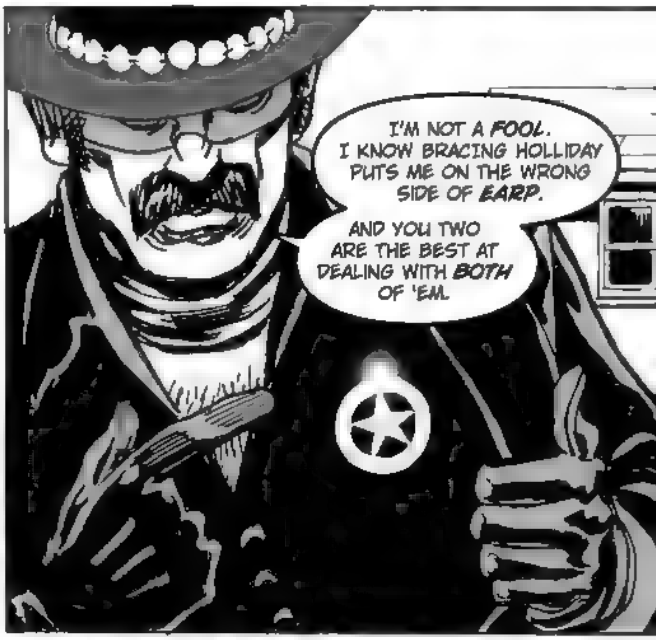
DOC'S BEEN ASKING FOR YOU.

THAT GENTLEMEN IS PROBABLY CONCERNED I'LL DRINK THE LONG BRANCH DRY.

WHAT'S YOUR DISPOSITION ON THIS MATTER, SIRS?

YOU GOT YOUR BADGE BACK AND SOME FRESH TALENT.
LOOKS LIKE THE MAYOR'S DECIDED OUR POSITION FOR US, DEGER.

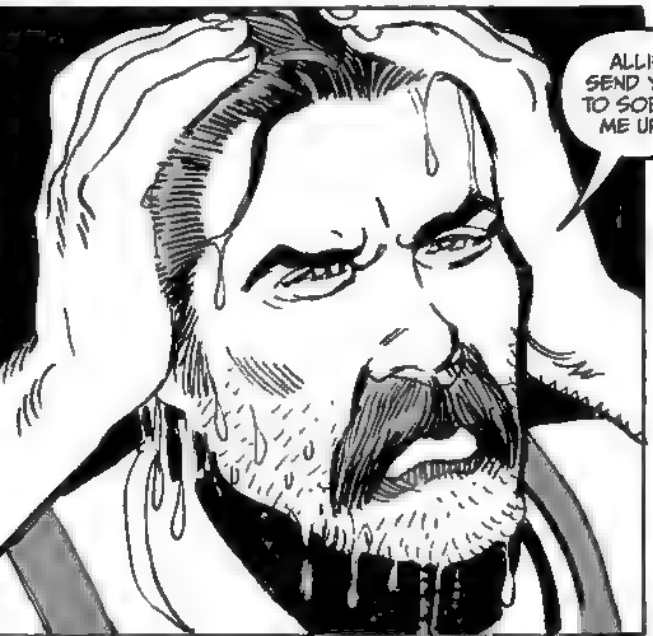
YOU WANT US TO STAY ON AS DEPUTIES BUT ONLY IF WE BRING IN HOLLIDAY AGAIN.
DON'T YOU AND YOUR BOYS HAVE THE SAND FOR THAT?


I'M NOT A FOOL. I KNOW BRACING HOLLIDAY PUTS ME ON THE WRONG SIDE OF EARP.
AND YOU TWO ARE THE BEST AT DEALING WITH BOTH OF 'EM.

SO, I ASK AGAIN--
WHAT IS YOUR DISPOSITION?

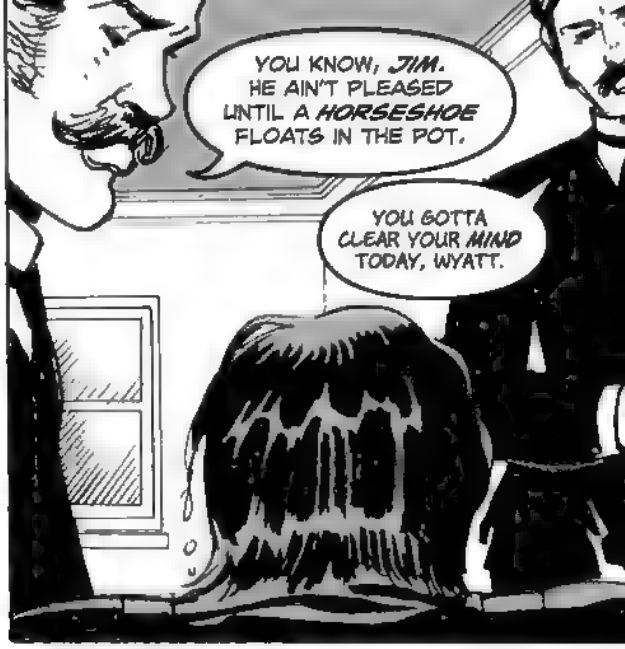
GAAAAHHH!

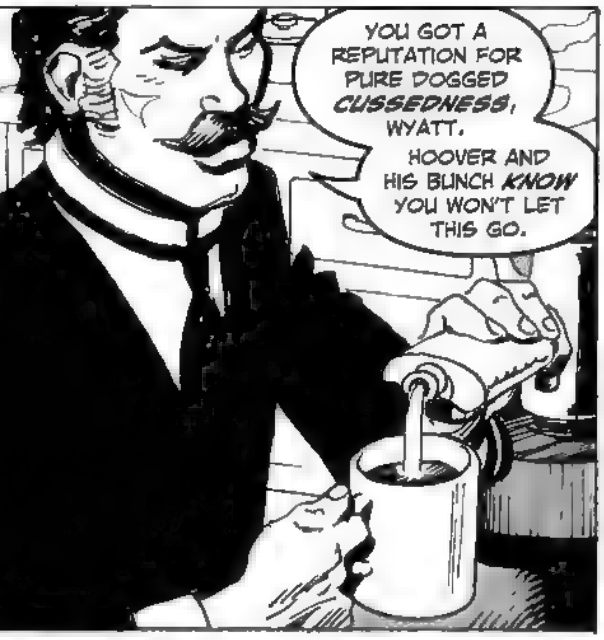
AFTERNOON, WYATT.
MASTERSON--

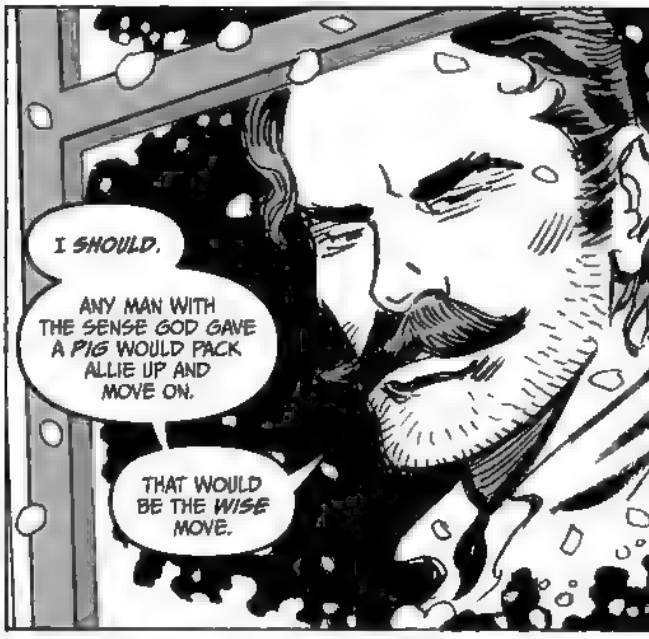

ALLIE SEND YOU TO SOBER ME UP?

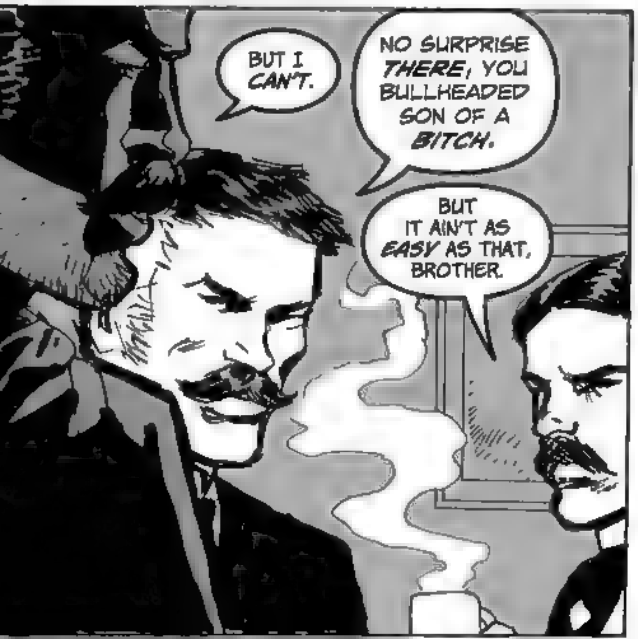
NO.
DEGER SENT US TO *KILL* YOU.

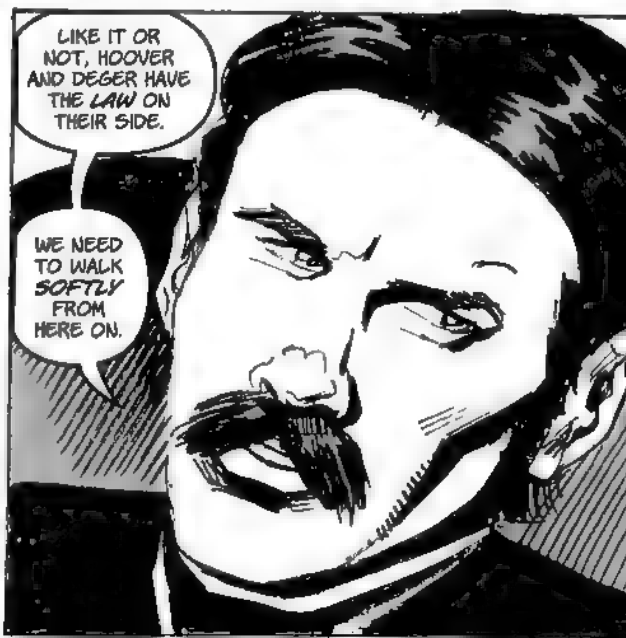
ANOTHER CUP, BAT--
--NICE AND STRONG.


YOU KNOW, JIM. HE AIN'T PLEASED UNTIL A HORSESHOE FLOATS IN THE POT.
YOU GOTTA CLEAR YOUR MIND TODAY, WYATT.

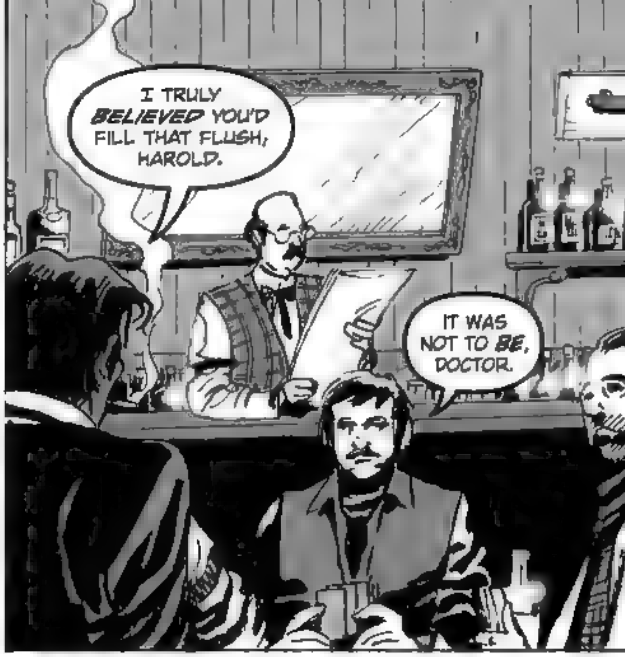

YOU GOT A REPUTATION FOR PURE DOGGED CUSSEDNESS, WYATT.
HOOVER AND HIS BUNCH KNOW YOU WON'T LET THIS GO.


I SHOULD.
ANY MAN WITH THE SENSE GOD GAVE A PIG WOULD PACK ALLIE UP AND MOVE ON.
THAT WOULD BE THE WISE MOVE.


BUT I CAN'T.
NO SURPRISE THERE, YOU BULLHEADED SON OF A BITCH.
BUT IT AIN'T AS EASY AS THAT, BROTHER.


LIKE IT OR NOT, HOOVER AND DEGER HAVE THE LAW ON THEIR SIDE.
WE NEED TO WALK SOFTLY FROM HERE ON.

FULL HOUSE. ACES OVER TENS.
IMAGINE MY EMBARRASSMENT.


I TRULY BELIEVED YOU'D FILL THAT FLUSH, HAROLD.
IT WAS NOT TO BE, DOCTOR.

LADY LUCK, SHE IS A WHORE.
ONE MOMENT SHE SWEARS HER LOVE. THE NEXT SHE SLIPS AWAY WITH OUR WALLET AND OUR HEART.

WERE YOU SPEAKING OF ME, LOVER?
NEVER, DARLING KATE. YOU ARE A WHORE OF EXCEPTIONAL QUALITIES.
YOU WOULD HAVE NO INTEREST IN MY HEART.

SHOULD YOU CALL IT A NIGHT, DEAREST?
I CALL IT MORNING, KATE. I SHALL REMAIN AT MY POST CELEBRATING MY FREEDOM.
ANOTHER HAND, LADS?

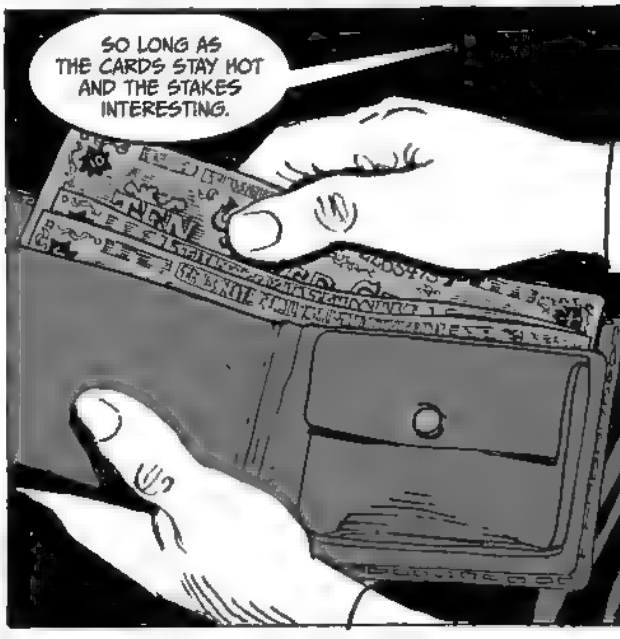
UNNNH?

PLEASE, SIR!
STAY, THE WINDS OF WINTER.

I WAS TOLD YOU CAME HERE FOR THE FRESH AIRS, DOC.
IS THERE A PLACE FOR ANOTHER PLAYER?

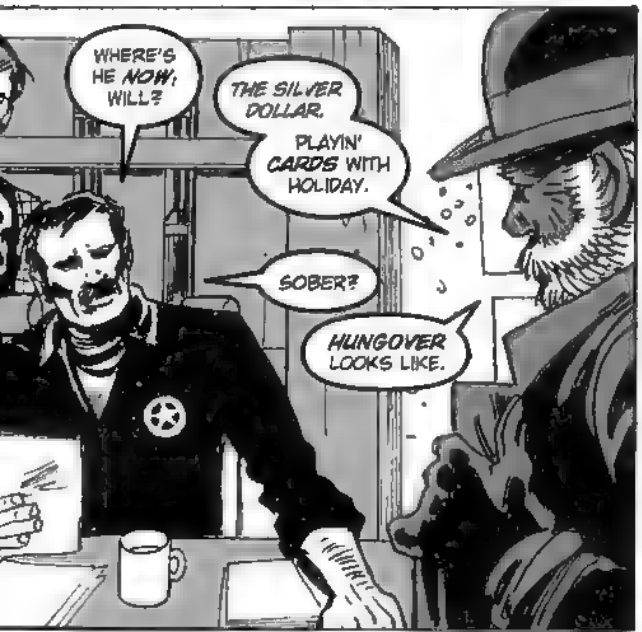
WHY, IT'S MISTER WYATT EARP, PRIVATE CITIZEN.
SURPRISED TO SEE YOU UP SO EARLY.
I HAVE NOT YET BEEN IN BED, IF IT WERE ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS.

A DRAM OR SO OF MY OWN SECRET STOCK.
I WOULDN'T SAY "NO", DOC. AND MAYBE A PLATE OF EGGS AND STEAK.
I MEAN TO SET HERE A WHILE.


SO LONG AS THE CARDS STAY HOT AND THE STAKES INTERESTING.

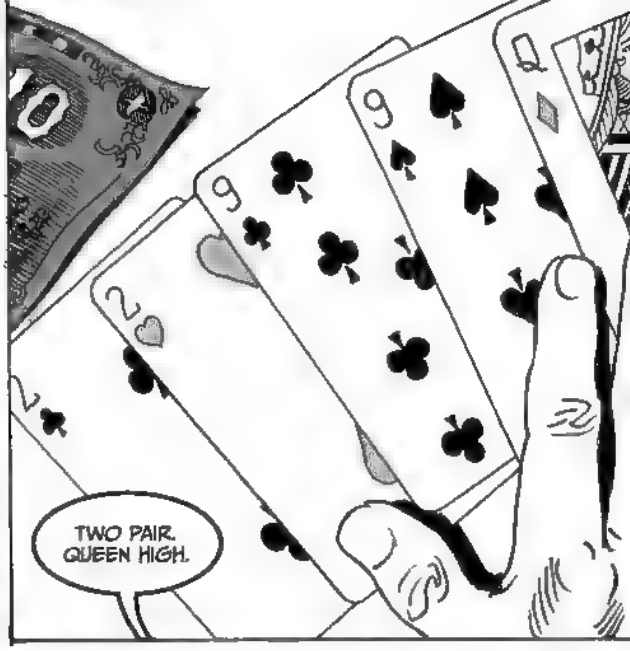
MARSHALL
OFFICE

MARSHAL DEGER?
YOU WANTED I SHOULD *TELL* YOU.
EARP *LEFT* HIS ROOMS AT THE LONGBRNCH.


WHERE'S HE *NOW*, WILL?
THE SILVER DOLLAR.
PLAYIN' *CARDS* WITH HOLIDAY.
SOBER?
HUNGOVER LOOKS LIKE.

WELL, I GOT A CURE FOR *THAT*.

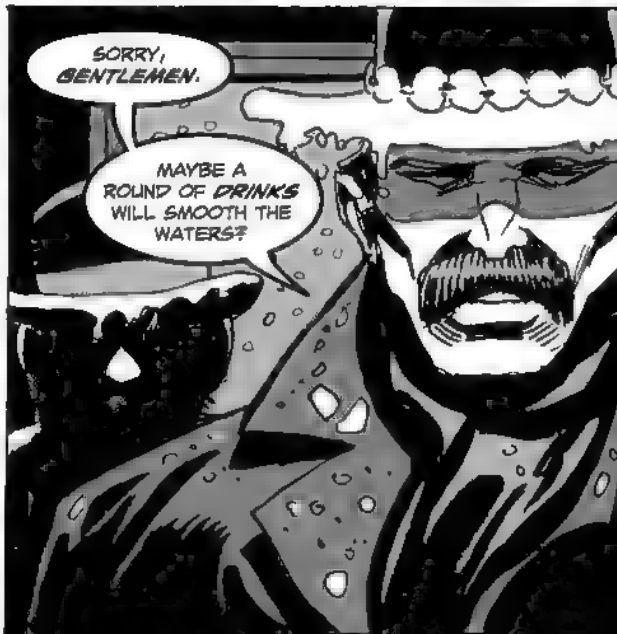
YOU'VE UNMANNED ME, WYATT.
I FEAR MY HAND IS WEAK. I WITHDRAW.


TWO PAIR. QUEEN HIGH.

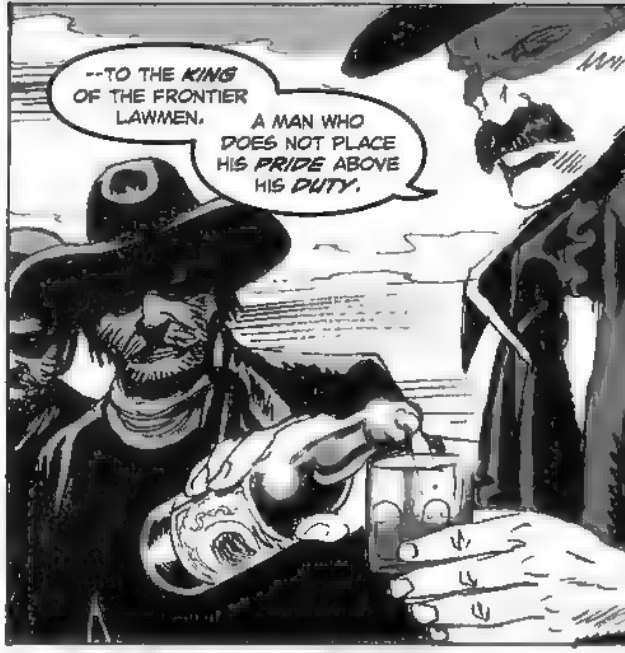
DUECES AND NINES. YOU STAND PAT ON A PILE OF HORSESHIT, WYATT!
WELL PLAYED! WELL PLAYED, INDEED.

THAT'S A TALL COMPLIMENT FROM A BULLSHITTER LIKE YOU, DOC.

WILL YOU PLEASE SHUT THAT DOOR, SIR!??
MUST THE WEATHER BE ALLOWED IN HERE AT EVERY TURN?

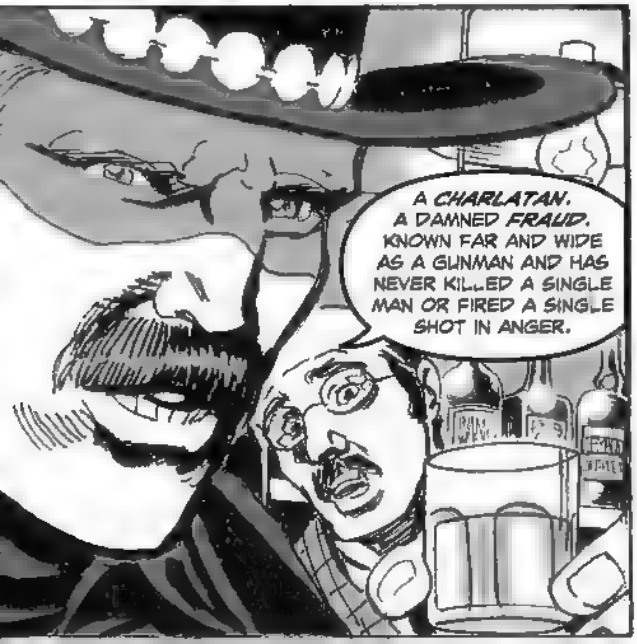

SORRY, GENTLEMEN.
MAYBE A ROUND OF DRINKS WILL SMOOTH THE WATERS?

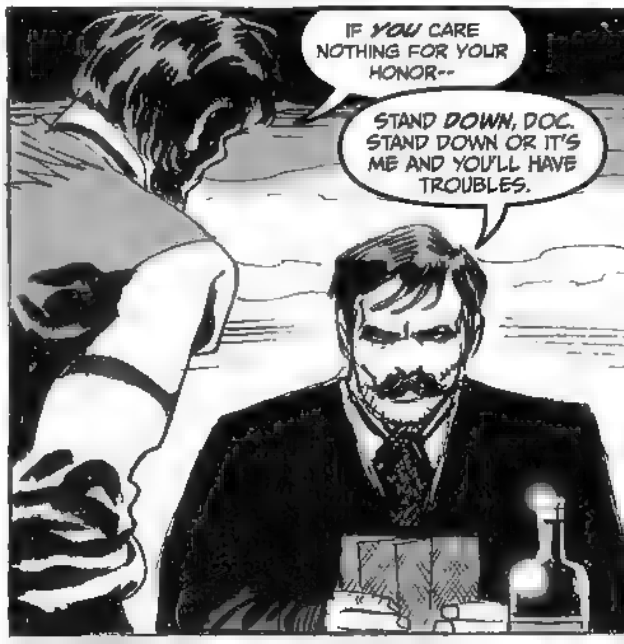
DOLLAR
MAY I PROPOSE TO DEDICATE THIS ROUND--

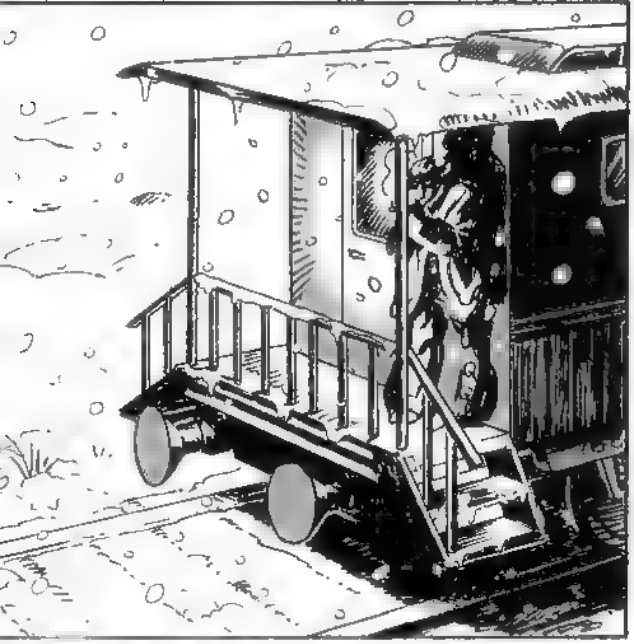

--TO THE KING OF THE FRONTIER LAWMEN.
A MAN WHO DOES NOT PLACE HIS PRIDE ABOVE HIS DUTY.

WYATT EARP. PEACEMAKER, PIMP AND COWARD EXTRAORDINAIRE.

YOU'LL SIT AND TAKE THAT GUFF, WYATT?
IT'S WORDS, DOC. JUST WORDS.


A CHARLATAN. A DAMNED FRAUD. KNOWN FAR AND WIDE AS A GUNMAN AND HAS NEVER KILLED A SINGLE MAN OR FIRED A SINGLE SHOT IN ANGER.

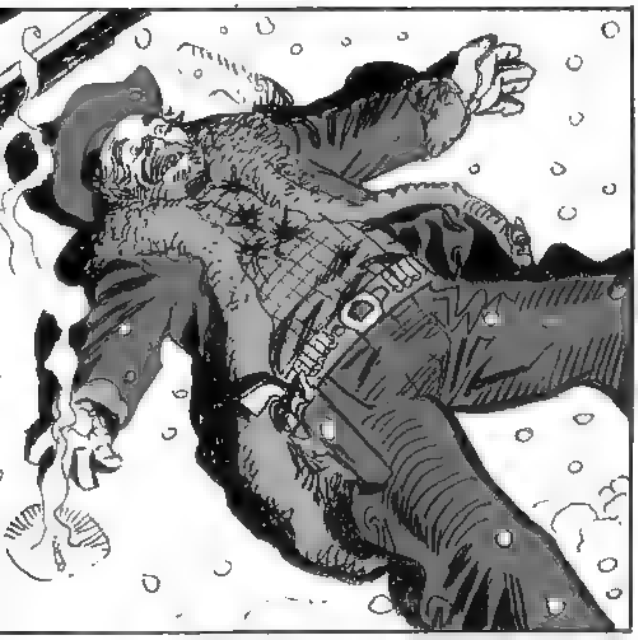

IF YOU CARE NOTHING FOR YOUR HONOR--
STAND DOWN, DOC. STAND DOWN OR IT'S ME AND YOU'LL HAVE TROUBLES.



SOMEONE THERE?

I SAID, IS SOME--

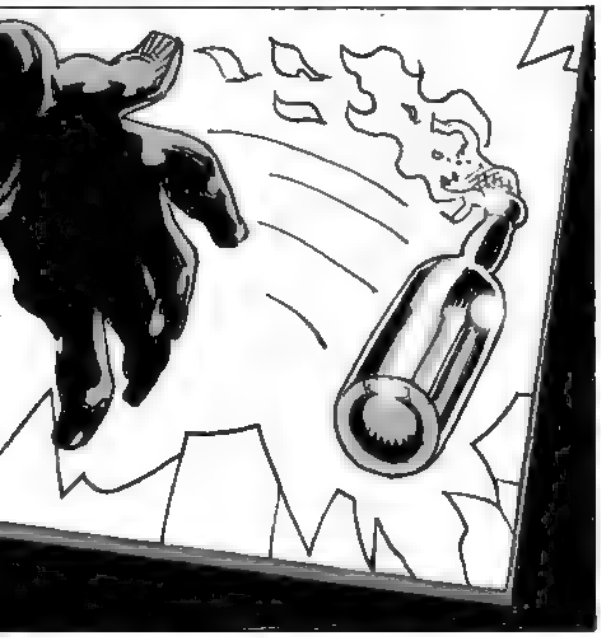
BLAM!



BOTHER.

MISTER RAFFERTY!
WHAT IS ALL THIS UNECESSARY NOISE?
WE ARE UNDER ATTACK, SIR!

DAMN!



A SMOKER!
KOFF! KOFF!
HAK!

HRUOOFF!
KAFF! KAFF!

HUNH!

BASTARDS!
SHOW YOURSELVES!
HROFF!

JESUS...
BLAM!

BLAM!
BLAM!
UK!

LORD--
LORD HELP ME--

WUH!
BLAM!

TOWN TAMER. GONNA CLEAN UP DODGE FOR DECENT FOLK.
LOOK AT HIM. WHORIN' AND CONSORTIN' WITH A DEGENERATE.

I WILL NOT HEAR ANOTHER WORD!

KONK
UHH!

YOU'RE NOT GOADING ME INTO A FIGHT, DEGER--
--OR DOC NEITHER.

BUT I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER TONIGHT AND REMEMBER IT GOOD.
YOU'LL WANT TO TELL FOLKS ABOUT THE TIME YOU BACKED DOWN WYATT EARP AND DOC HOLIDAY.

PUT 'EM UP, BOYS.
THIS ONE'S PISS YELLOW.

SORRY T'SEE YOU GO, WYATT. WE COULDA HAD A TIME.
THERE'S OTHER TOWNS, BAT. OTHER COUNTIES. WE'RE FINISHED HERE.
WE'LL KEEP PUSHIN' THE BORDERS BACK, HUH?
'TIL WE CROSS THAT LAST HILL AND FORD THAT LAST RIVER.
PRETTY TALK, WYATT.
AND PURE BULLSHIT. WHAT'RE YOU BOYS PLANNING, JIM?
MAYBE SOME HUNTING. SOME REGULATING.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
ME AND ALLIE ARE FOR ARIZONA. SOME BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES DOWN THERE.
I'M MEETING UP WITH MY BROTHERS DOWN THERE. A SILVER TOWN--
--THEY CALL IT TOMBSTONE.
DODGE CITY

DOC?
OH, DOC!
I BEEN LOOKIN' ALL OVER FOR YOU!
COME OUT OF THIS PESTHOUSE, DOC.
KATE... BIG NOSE KATE... YOU ARE A MOTHER HEN...
I WISH TO TRAVEL, KATE. I GROW WEARY OF COWS AND THEIR LIKE.
I THINK DODGE IS TIRED OF YOU TOO, DOC.
SOME PLACE WARM WHERE MY FINAL BREATHS NEED NOT BE LABORED.
BACK TO GEORGIA, DOC?
NO... DIXIE IS DENIED ME, KATE.
A MORE ARID CLIME WITH INTERESTING COMPANY.
THAT EARP FELLOW... HAS HE DEPARTED THE TERRITORY?
LEAVING ON THE EVENING TRAIN, DOC.
PITY. HE WAS A DIVERTING PERSONALITY.

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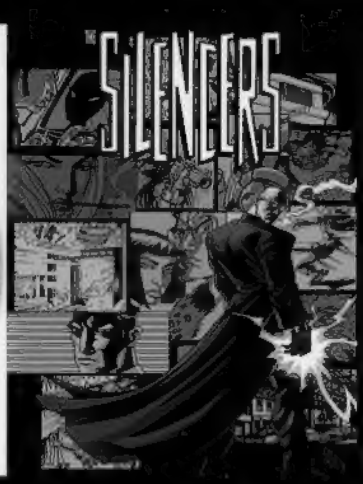

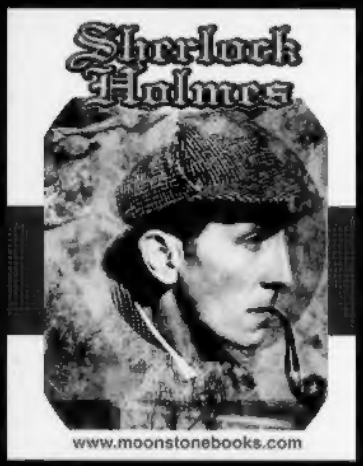

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